

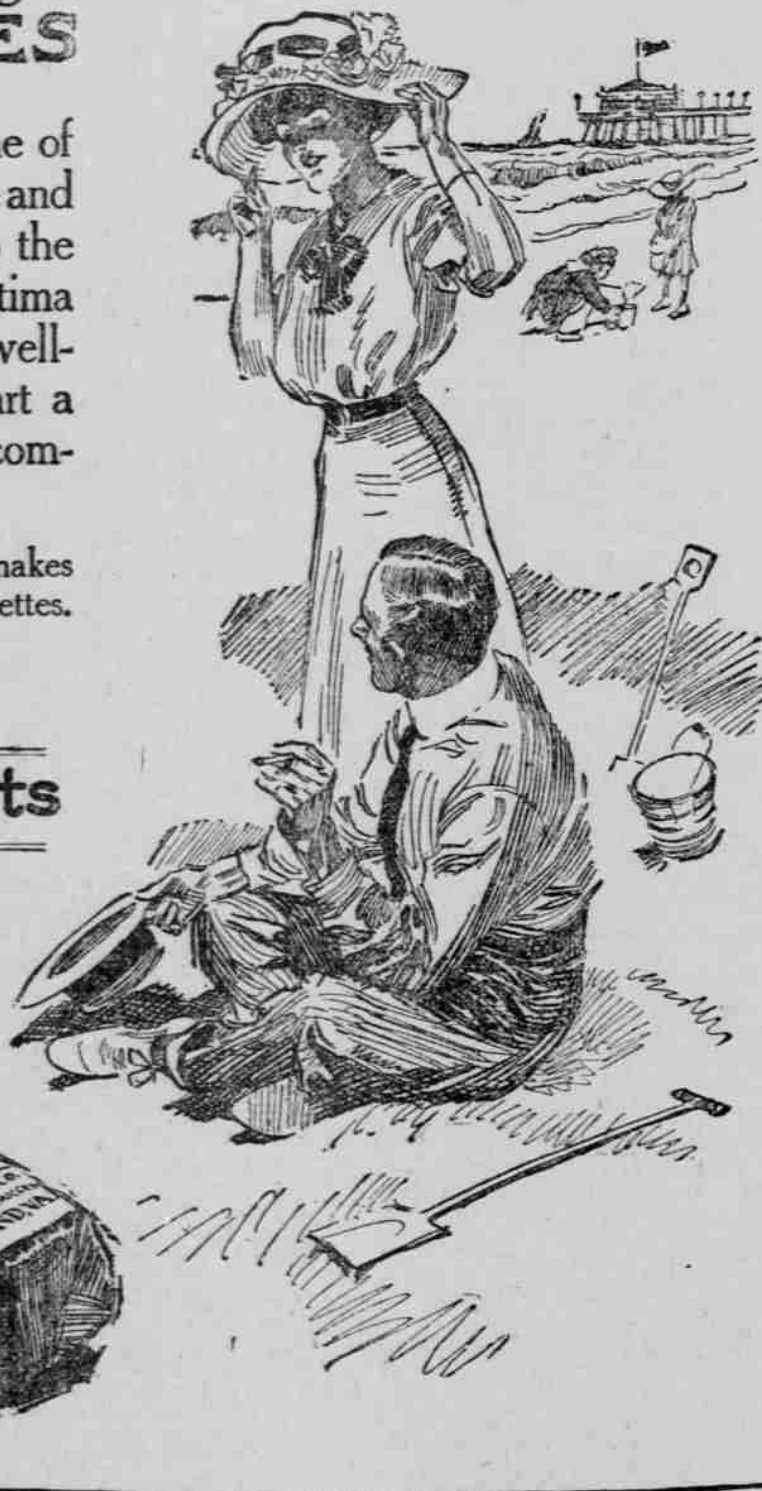
FATIMA TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES

A good smoke is one of the little blessings of life and to enjoy that luxury to the fullest extent smoke Fatima Cigarettes. The well-blended tobaccos impart a flavor that challenges comparison.

An inexpensive package makes possible ten additional Cigarettes.

Pictures of popular actresses now packed with Fatima cigarettes.

20 for 15 cents



A Story Of Truxton King By George Barr McCutcheon

Copyright, 1908, by George Barr McCutcheon. Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER.
Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
CHAPTER VII.
AT THE WITCH'S HUT.

IN the meantime our excellent young friend, Truxton King, was having a sorry time of it. It all began when he went to the cathedral in the hope of seeing the charming aunt of the little prince once more. Not only did he attend no service, but all of them, having been assured that the royal family worshipped there quite as regularly and as religiously as the lowliest communicant. She did not appear.

More than all this, he met with fresh disappointment when he ambled down to the armorer's shop. The doors were locked and there was no sign of life about the hattered place.

The next day King made a purely business call at the shop of Mr. Spantz. He looked long, with a somewhat shifty eye, at the cabinet of ancient rings and necklaces, and then departed without having seen the interesting Miss Platanova.

At his room in the hotel he found a note addressed to himself. It did not have much to say, but it meant a great deal. There was no signature, and the handwriting was that of a woman.

"Please do not come again." That was all.

He laughed with a fine tone of defiance and went back to the shop at 5 o'clock, just to prove that nothing so timid as a note could stop him. On the occasion of this last visit to the shop he did not stay long, but went away somewhat dazed to find himself the possessor of a ring he did not want and out of pocket just \$30, American. Having come to the conclusion that knight errantry of that kind was not only profligate, but distinctly irritating to his sense of humor, he looked up Mr. Hobbs and arranged for a day's ride in the mountains.

Mr. Hobbs led his patron into the mountain roads early the next morning, both well mounted and provided with luncheon.

It was a good three hours' ride to the summit of Monastery mountain. And after the height has been attained one does not care to linger long among the chilly, whistling crags, with their snow crevasses and bitter winds. The utter loneliness, the aloofness of this frost-crowned crest appalls, disheartens one who loves the fair, green things of life.

It was 3 o'clock when they clattered down a stone road and up to the forbidding vale in which lurked, like an evil, guilty thing, the log built home of the witch of Ganolook gap, that ancient female who made no secret of her practices in witchcraft.

A low thatched roof protruded from the hill against which the hut was built. As a matter of fact, a thin chimney grew out of the earth itself, for all the world like a smoking tree

stump. The single door was so low that one was obliged to stoop to enter the little room where the dame had been holding forth for three score years, 'twas said. This was her throne room, her dining room, her bedchamber, her all, it would seem, unless one had been there before and knew that her kitchen was beyond, in the side of the hill. The one window, sans glass, looked narrowly out upon an odd opening in the foliage below, giving the occupant of the hut an unobstructed view of the winding road that led up from Edelweiss.

The two horsemen rode into the glen and came plump upon a small detachment of the royal guard, mounted and rather resolute in their lack of amiability.

"Soldiers, I'd say," remarked Mr. King. His eyes brightened and his hat came off with a switch.

"Hello! There's the prince!"
Farther up the glen—in fact at the very door of the witch's hut—were gathered a small but rather distinguished portion of the royal household.

It was not difficult to recognize the little prince. He was standing beside John Tullis, and it is not with a desire to speak ill of his valor that we add he was clutching the slackest part of that gentleman's riding breeches with an earnestness that betrayed extreme trepidation. Facing them, on the stone doorstep, was the witch herself. Behind Tullis and the prince were several ladies and gentlemen.

Truxton King's heart swelled suddenly. Next to the tall figure of Colonel Quinnox of the royal guard was the slim, entrancing lady of his most recent dreams, the prince's aunt, the lady of the goldfish conspiracy!

The Countess Marlanx, tall and exquisite, was a little apart from the others, with Baron Dangloss and young Count Von Engo, whom Truxton was ready to hate because he was a recognized suitor for the hand of the slim young person in gray. He was for riding boldly up to this little group, but a very objectionable lieutenant barred the way, supported in no small measure by the agitated defection of Mr. Hobbs.

The way was made easy by the intervention of the alert young woman in gray. She caught sight of the restricted adventurers—or one of them, to be quite accurate—and, after speeding a swift smile of astonishment, turned quickly to Prince Bobby.

The prince broke the ice.
"Hello!" he cried shrilly.

"Hello!" responded the gentleman readily.

John Tullis found himself being dragged away from the witch's door toward the newcomer at the bottom of the glen. Mr. Hobbs listened with deepening awe to the friendly conversation which resulted in Truxton King going forward to join the party in front of the hut.

Truxton was duly presented to the ladies and gentlemen of the party by John Tullis, who gracefully announced that he knew King's parents in New York. Baron Dangloss was quite an

old friend. If one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlanx and others, merely said:
"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional book nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

old friend. If one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlanx and others, merely said:
"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional book nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

old friend. If one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlanx and others, merely said:
"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional book nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

old friend. If one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlanx and others, merely said:
"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

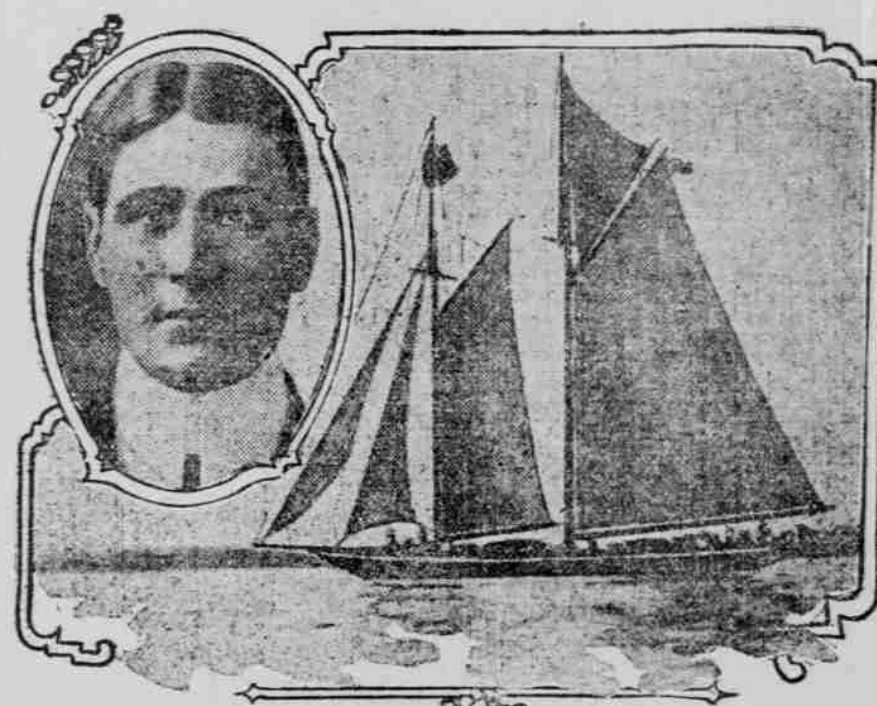
Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional book nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

old friend. If one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlanx and others, merely said:
"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional book nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

The Man and the Boat That Defeated Kaiser's Yacht



Alexander S. Cochran of New York and his yacht, the Westward, which won all the races in which she was started at Warnemunde, Germany, defeating the Kaiser's Meteor and other fast racing yachts. On June 26, at Kiel, Mr. Cochran's schooner won the Jubilee prize on a stiff breeze. The Meteor coming in second. On July 1, the Westward won the Emperor's Cup in a rain-storm over a 77-mile course. On July 2 in a soft breeze the Westward came in first after leading by a good margin all the way. Mr. Cochran inherited \$25,000,000 from his uncle, Warren B. Smith, the carpet manufacturer, and \$15,000,000 from his father.

The window gave little or no light, and the door was closed, her grinning grandson leaning against it limply.

The witch began by reading the fortune of John Tullis, who had been pushed forward by the wide-eyed prince. In a cackling monotone she rambled through a supposititious history of his past, for the chief part so unintelligible that even he could not gainsay the statements. Later she bent her piercing eyes upon the prince and refused to read his future, shrilly asserting that she had not the courage to tell what might befall the little ruler, all the while muttering something about the two little princes who had died in a tower ages and ages ago. Seeing that the boy was frightened, Tullis withdrew him to the background. The Countess Marlanx came next. She was smiling derisively.

"You have returned from some one whom you hate," began the witch. "He is your husband. You will marry again. There is a fair haired man in love with you. You are in love with him. I can see trouble."

But the countess deliberately turned away from the table, her cheeks flaming with the consciousness that a smile had swept the circle behind her graceful back.

"Ridiculous!" she said and avoided John Tullis' gaze. "I don't care to hear any more. Come, baron! You are next."

Truxton King, subdued and troubled in his mind, found himself studying his surroundings and the people who went so far to make them interesting. His eye had fallen upon a crack in the door that led to the kitchen, although he had no means of knowing that it was a kitchen. To his amazement, a gleaming eye was looking out upon the room from beyond this narrow crack. He looked long and found that he was not mistaken. There was an eye glued close to the opposite side of the rickety door, and its gaze was directed to the Countess Marlanx.

Without pausing to consider the result of his action, he sprang across the room, shouting as he did so that there was a man behind the door. Grasping the latch, he threw the door wide open, the others in the room looking at him as if he were suddenly crazed.

There was instant commotion, with cries and exclamations from all. Quick as the others were, the old woman was at his side before them, snarling with rage. Her talonlike fingers sunk into his arm, and her gaze went darting about the room in a most convincing way.

Baron Dangloss was convinced that the young man had seen the eye. Without compunction he began a search of the room, the old woman looking on with a grin of glee.

"Search! Search!" she croaked. "It was the spirit eye! It is looking at you now, my fine baron! It finds you, yet cannot be found. No, no! Oh, you fools! Get out! Get out! All of you! Prince or no prince, I fear you not, nor all your armies. This is my home, my castle! Go! Go!"

"There was a man here, old woman," said the baron coolly. "Where is the man?"

She laughed aloud, a horrid sound. The prince clutched Tullis by the leg in terror.

"There is no window, no trapdoor, no skylight," remarked the baron, puzzled. "Nothing but the stovepipe, six inches in diameter. A man couldn't crawl out through that, I'm sure. Mr. King, we've come upon a real mystery—the eye without a visible body."

Suddenly the old woman stepped into the middle of the room and began to wave her hands in a mysterious manner over an empty pot that stood on the floor in front of the stove. Then before their startled eyes a thin film of smoke began to rise from the empty

pot. It grew in volume until the room was quite dense with it. Even more quickly than it began it disappeared, drawn apparently by some supernatural agency into the draft of the stove and out through the rickety chimney pipe.

A deafening crash as of many guns came to their ears from the outside. With one accord the entire party rushed to the outer door, a wild laugh from the hag pursuing them.

"There!" she screamed. "There goes all there was of him! And so shall we all go some day. Fire and smoke!"

Just outside the door stood Lieutenant Saffo of the guard.

"Good Lord!" shouted Tullis. "What

is the matter? What has happened?"
"The storm, sir," said Saffo. "It is coming down the valley like the wind." A great crash of thunder burst overhead, and lightning darted through the black, swirling skies.

CHAPTER VIII. LOOKING FOR AN EYE.

THE witch was haranguing her huddled audience, cursing the soldiers, laughing gleefully in the faces of her stately, scornful guests, greatly to the irritation of Baron Dangloss, toward whom she showed an especial attention.

Tullis was holding the prince in his arms. Colonel Quinnox stood before them, keeping the babbling, leering beldame from thrusting her face close to that of the terrified boy. The Countess Marlanx, pale and rigid, her wondrous eyes glowing with excitement, stood behind John Tullis.

With incredible swiftness the storm passed. Almost at its height there came a cessation of the roaring tempest, the downpour was checked, the thunder died away and the lightning trickled off into faint flashes. The sky cleared as if by magic. The exhibition, if you please, was over!

"It is the most amazing thing I've ever seen," Dangloss said over and over again.

The Countess Marlanx was trembling violently. Tullis, observing this, tried to laugh away her nervousness.

"Mere coincidence; that's all," he said. "You can't believe she brought about this storm?"

"It isn't that," she said in a low voice. "I feel as if a grave personal danger had just passed me by. Not danger for the rest of you, but for me alone. That is the sensation I have—the feeling of one who has stepped back from the brink of an abyss just in time to avoid being pushed over. I can't make you understand. See! I am trembling!"

(To Be Continued.)

FORMER EL PASOAN WHO BACKED COOK

John R. Bradley, the millionaire sporting man, famous as the backer of Dr. Cook's north pole expedition, who recently became the central figure of litigation between Alan R. Hawley the amateur balloonist, and his brother, against their sister, Jennie M. Hawley



Levee. Bradley is accused by the brothers of conspiring with their sister's young husband, Louis Levee, to defraud them of their property rights in the beautiful Hawley homestead in New Canaan, Conn. Bradley used to be an El Paso gambler.

BANKRUPTCY TRUSTEE SELECTED.
At a meeting of the creditors of the bankrupt estate of A. L. Michaelson, in the office of referee Charles Loomis, Monday morning, Robert Holliday was elected trustee to arrange for the disposal of the stock of goods.

Arnold Sreblitz and bride have returned from their wedding trip to the Grand Canyon and other places of interest in the west.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES

VIA

National Railways of Mexico

From El Paso to the following points and return:

U. S. Cy.	U. S. Cy.
Agua Calientes \$25.55	Puebla \$40.05
Chihuahua 6.75	Queretaro 31.75
Celaya 30.90	San Luis Potosi 29.15
Cuernavaca 35.50	Santa Rosalia 9.70
Durango 21.60	Silao 29.25
Guadalajara 34.60	Torreón 15.45
Guanaquato 29.90	Tampico 32.50
Jiminez 11.05	Tampico 37.45
Mexico City 36.30	Vera Cruz 44.95
Monterrey 23.00	Zacatecas 23.35
Paral 12.90	

Tickets on sale Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week during June, July, August and September, limit of thirty days from date of sale, without stopover privileges. For further information call on or address

A. DULOHERY,

City Passenger Agent, El Paso, Texas.

Send 10 cents silver for sample copy of

Mexico Today Magazine

Address

MEXICO TODAY MAGAZINE

Apartado 5 Bis, Mexico D. F.

SILVER CITY ELKS HOSTS TO TEACHERS

Convicts Build Road to Mogollon—Fruit Prospects Good.

Silver City, N. M., July 11.—The banquet tendered by the Elks to the visiting teachers at the summer normal school was attended by over 300 dancers, including the friends of the faculty and teachers. A banquet was also served.

At a meeting of the Democratic central committee here, primaries were called for the various precincts on July 23 and July 30 was named as the date of the convention to nominate four delegates for the constitutional convention. Each precinct is entitled to one delegate for each 15 votes or fraction of five or over, cast for the Democratic nominee for delegate to congress at the last general election. The county convention will be composed of about 30 delegates.

Convicts Work on Road.
Commissioners Dickinson and Onway have been in the vicinity of Cliff, where there is some dispute as to the location of the road from this city to Mogollon, which is being built by convict labor. It is understood an amicable adjustment was reached and that it will not be necessary for the county to condemn any of the land for right of way. The convicts after completing the road out of this city for a distance of 15 miles moved camp to near Bush's ranch, a short distance this side of Mogollon, and are now building the road from that end to connect with the portion already built. The new road will not be opened for travel until it is packed and becomes harder. This is one of the large road projects of the territory.

Fruit Crops Good.
P. M. Shelly, a wealthy rancher on the Gila river near Cliff, reports the largest fruit crop for many years. The crops are also in splendid condition, and if the rains come soon the farmers will have exceedingly large yields.

W. C. Belden, the Cliff merchant, has returned from El Paso, where he has been purchasing goods for the Cliff Mercantile company.

L. H. Bartlett, manager of the Santa Rita Store company, has returned from El Paso, after some days spent there in purchasing store supplies.

El Paso School Attracts Pupils.
Miss Ora W. L. Slater, one of the principals of the El Paso school for girls, has been here in the interest of the school. This school will undoubtedly have a number of students the coming year from this city.

John C. Curren, of the Curren Cattle company, who spends the greater portion of his time in Los Angeles, has come to the company's ranches near Gold Hill, this county, where he will spend the next few weeks.

Silver City now has a colony of over 30 people in Los Angeles and nearby coast resorts.

**FASTER AEROPLANES MOVE
THE SAFER THEY PROVE.**
Bethany Plains, Rheims, France, July 11.—The international aviation meeting, at which new records for height, distance, speed and time were set, closed

There's vitality, snap and "go" In a breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream.

Why? Because nature stores up In wheat and barley The Potassium Phosphate In such form as to Nourish brain and nerves. The food expert who originated

Grape-Nuts

Retained this valuable Element in the food. "There's a Reason" Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," Found in packages.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Sunday. The meeting was a triumph for monoplane pilots, which made all the records and carried off the majority of the prizes.

The experts declare that the most important achievement was the record made by Leon Morane, who Saturday attained a speed of 106 kilometers (65.93) miles an hour. They believe that this will be followed soon by a speed of 180 to 200 kilometers.

At such a speed aeroplanes would be little affected by the wind. The movement is in sight, they think, when travel by aeroplane will be as safe and twice as fast as by train.

Mrs. Bert Loomis is visiting her parents at Cleburne, Texas.

R&G CORSETS

A model for every figure.

Packard MOTOR CARS



Also the Packard three-ton truck Price of standard chassis, \$3,400.00

Licensed under Seiden Patent

Texas Motor Car Company 922-924 San Pedro Ave., San Antonio, Texas

During these hot days why not keep cool and comfortable

We rent Electric Fans at low prices.

We sell Pocket Flash Lights All sizes and prices.

STANDARD Electric Co.

Both Phones. 107 S. Stanton St.